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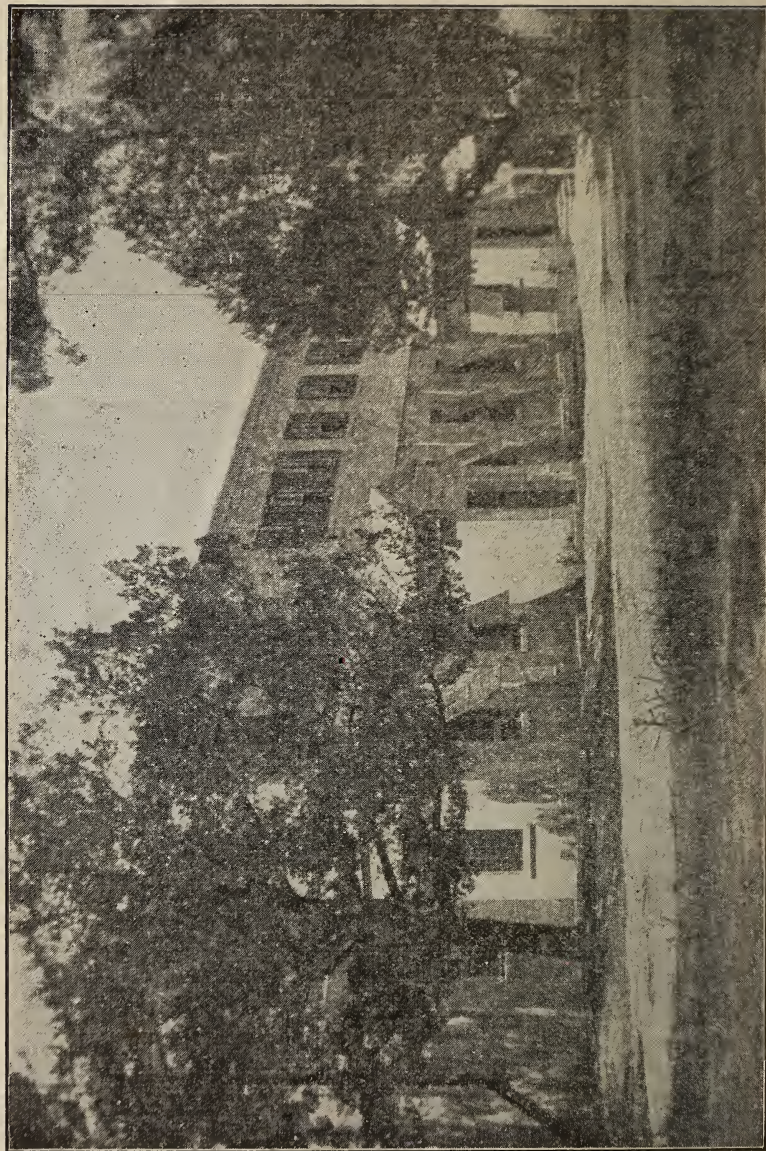
WINTER  
TERM 1932





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Saltus Grammar School



## Foreword

To me has been accorded the honour of writing the foreword to the Second Number of the *Grammarian*. The boys of the School had worked very keenly over the first number, and it was unfortunate that owing to an unexpected delay the Magazine did not appear until School had practically closed. This accounted for its small sale, I feel sure; for the magazine was much enjoyed by all who did obtain a copy, and I was told repeatedly how much the work of the boys was appreciated. I hope that their efforts this time will meet with the same appreciation as before and that it will extend over a far wider area.

We are doing our best to carry on the work of the School under unexpectedly handicapped circumstances.

We greatly miss the presence of one who presided over its destiny for the last sixteen years.

It was with deep regret that we heard of the death at the end of July of Mr. Loyns, who for one year had been our Second Form Master and the Scoutmaster of the School Troop, in which he took the keenest interest. He passed away peacefully just two weeks after his returning to England.

FREER COX,

Acting Headmaster.

# No. 2 The Grammarian, Winter Term, 1932

EDITOR.....S. E. Hool

SUB-EDITOR.....R. L. Browne

COMMITTEE:—R. Freisenbruch, R. Ferguson, R. Burrows, J. Barritt,  
W. Conyers, M. Beavis.

## Editorial

The first issue of "The Grammarian" has been a great success and the boys have taken much interest in the opportunity to establish a school magazine. Because of this interest, and of the help the magazine gives in arousing corporate feeling and pride in the school, we offer with much pleasure the second edition of "The Grammarian."

Saltus Grammar School has been established since 1885, and many of its Old Boys have become prominent men in Bermuda and abroad. Saltus is proud of these men. We point with pride at this time to the Hon. E. J. Waddington, Esq., O.B.E., Colonial Secretary, who is one of our Old Boys. After being an excellent pupil at Saltus, he studied in England for several years, when he was awarded the Rhodes Scholarship. Since then he has been prominent in Bermuda, and recently he had the honour of being the Acting Governor of the Islands.

Old Boys are interested in one another's experiences. We are devoting therefore, a section of this magazine to their letters. We hope the Old Boys will make use of this "Old Grammarian" section.

We have in this issue many varied contributions from the boys. School Spirit is discussed; we also find "budding poets" in our midst. A very interesting new section called "The Forum" is introduced, in which School problems are discussed. Unfortunately, owing to the example set by our one and only daily paper, the "They Say" column again appears. All the school activities are well represented in these contributions.

The School misses the presence of the Headmaster, and we hope Mr. Cox will be back with us soon. In his absence we are trying to live up to his principles.

We realize that of late the boys have not taken the proper interest in the School. We are doing our best to arouse again this interest, because we know nothing can be accomplished unless the boys have a feeling of responsibility to the School and to themselves. This magazine is one of the most important means which we are taking to create a united School Spirit. For this reason, we particularly ask the parents' co-operation to be shown in their whole-hearted support of "The Grammarian."

EDITOR.

## TO THE HESITATING PURCHASER

If you can read and not be bored by reading;  
If you can laugh and not be filled with pain;  
If you can see the schoolboys sternly striving,  
And, sympathising, help them to attain;

If you can realise they're aiming  
To do their best for School and scholars' gain,  
The reputation of their School enhancing,  
While every scholar racks his brain;

If you can read with mind approving,  
Then from your purse the silver drain;  
You'll lend the helping hand we're needing,  
And buy the School Mag. once again.

(With apologies to Mr. Kipling.)

## School Officials

CAPTAIN OF THE SCHOOL.....S. E. Hool

### HOUSE CAPTAINS:

Butterfield.....	R. L. Ferguson
Darrell.....	R. L. Browne
Saltus.....	S. E. Hool
Watlington.....	R. E. Friesenbruch

### PREFECTS:—

F. Watlington  
J. Peniston  
W. Wilson  
E. Young

CAPTAIN OF FOOTBALL.....R. L. Browne

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## CONGRATULATIONS

To S. M. Paschal: For winning the "Briggs Cunningham Cup" this summer in the Dinghy Races; also to T. Murdoch for coming a close second.

To E. Friesenbruch: For Playing in the B.A.A. cricket eleven, and for winning the Junior Sports Cup, which was presented this year to Saltus by Dr. F. W. and Mrs. Watlington.

To J. F. Peniston: For winning the School Sports Cup.

To Mr. L. H. Smith: For reviving the Saltus Scout Troop; Mr. Smith has aroused great enthusiasm and hopes to restore it to its former high standard.

To Dudley Spurling, Old Grammarian: For winning the Rhodes Scholarship.

ROBERT H. BURROWS, V.



# House Notes

## BUTTERFIELD

HOUSE MASTER.....Mr. D. L. Thomas, B.Sc.

HOUSE CAPTAIN.....R. L. Ferguson

MOTTO:—"Primus inter pares."

How well we have lived up to our motto! After suffering a crushing defeat in our first cricket match with Darrell, we managed not only to win the Cup, but were able to defeat Darrell in the finals. Thus we vanquished our vanquishers. On returning this term, we found that we had lost two of our senior members, S. R. Doe and K. N. Doe, and gained one, J. Locke.

With the starting of a new term we find ourselves as strong as ever, and ready for the Football season, with some of our members in the School's 1st XI.

R. L. F.

## DARRELL

HOUSE MASTER.....Mr. R. J. Voisey, B.A.

HOUSE CAPTAIN.....R. L. Browne

HOUSE PREFECT.....F. W. H. Watlington

MOTTO:—"Nulli Secundus."

When a number of boys left school at the end of last term, not a few of them were members of our house. The loss of these boys seriously affected our house; so much so that even after so many brilliant victories at the beginning of our cricket season, we were badly defeated in the final by Butterfield. Had it not been for the loss of those boys, we would probably have won that final match with ease. We have felt the loss of the boys who left a great deal, both in keeping up the standard of the house in regard to school work as well as in the games, and we were very sorry to hear that they were not returning to school this term; but since a slight change has been made, we can only hope for the same good luck next season.

R. L. BROWNE.

## SALTUS HOUSE

HOUSE MASTER.....	Mr. F. Cox
HOUSE CAPTAIN.....	S. E. Hool
HOUSE PREFECT.....	J. F. Peniston

MOTTO:—"Ad astra per aspera."

The boys in Saltus House are this term, even more than last, living up to their reputation of hard work in the school and good sportsmanship on the playing field.

Saltus in the last cricket game showed their full strength by defeating Darrell decisively. In this game we were in top form and had excellent co-operation from all members of the team. We are very sorry our opponents did not have all their members, but are sure the outcome would have been the same, even though the match would have been more closely contested.

S. E. HOOL.

## WATLINGTON

HOUSE MASTER.....	Mr. L. Smith, B.A.
HOUSE CAPTAIN.....	R. E. Freisenbruch
HOUSE PREFECT.....	E. M. Young

MOTTO:—"Cor unum via una."

In cricket last year Watlington stood a very good chance of being in the finals among the four houses. We started very well by defeating Saltus, but in our next match against Darrell, we were defeated by a very small margin, which made it a very interesting game. The following week we played against Butterfield, but met with the same fate, which eliminated us from the finals.

We regret the loss of W. T. Wilson, who has been removed to Darrell because of the boys who left school and who were in Darrell before. He is an excellent cricket player, and equally good at football, and we miss him very much.

R. E. FREISENBRUCH.

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## A HOLIDAY IN ENGLAND

We sailed for England on the 11th August, 1932, by the M.v. Reina del Pacifico. We had fine weather the whole way over. The ship passed the Azores at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 15th. We arrived at Liverpool on the 22nd August.

On the way over we called at Vigo, Corunna, Gijon, Santander, La Rochelle and Plymouth before arriving at Liverpool. Vigo is a big town built on a hill. La Coruna is a picturesque little town with very few hills. In Santander we visited the old monastery. We could not see much of the other towns as we were too far out.

When we landed at Liverpool, the thing that was of great interest was the large clock in the Royal Liver Building. It looked the size of Big Ben in London.

We went from Liverpool to Halifax by road through Manchester, Oldham, Rochdale and Todmorden. Going over the moorlands is very pretty and lovely. If it were not for chimneys and smokestacks, Yorkshire would be a very beautiful place.

Halifax is like all other Yorkshire and Lancashire towns, dirty and smoky, although it has Mackintosh's and Riley's toffee factories.

Later we went to London by rail. On the way down we had dinner on the train. The only bad thing about that dinner was that they served peas which rolled all over the table. On one part of the journey the train was travelling at eighty-four miles an hour with about twenty coaches attached.

Our first visit was to Westminster Abbey. There we saw the Museum of Old Relics. We saw also the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. We saw the tombs of Nelson, Wellington and many other great men.

We next visited Madame Tussaud's, the great waxworks. There we saw the Kings, the Statesmen, the great Generals, and tableaux of the deaths of Nelson and Napoleon. We noticed a woman asleep on a bench. We did not know whether she was real or whether she was made of wax. At last my mother ventured closer to her and we found she was wax, but she looked quite real.

The third place we went to was the Zoological Gardens. There we saw the lions, tigers, monkeys and many other animals. We could throw sugar which the hippopotami would catch in their mouths.

Our fourth visit was to the Tower of London. There we saw the Royal Crowns, swords and jewels. In the White Tower we saw all the armour and swords, pistols, rifles and other instruments of war. All around the Tower grounds were beefeaters dressed in their quaint uniforms. We also saw the chapel of St. John, Traitors' Gate, and the changing of the Guard.

One morning we went to St. James' Palace to see the changing of the Guard, but to our disappointment it was a wet day and as they had their cloaks on, we would not see them very well. From there we went to Whitehall and were just in time to see the changing of the Horseguards, which is a much more spectacular affair, though that was spoilt on account of the rain.

We are very sorry not to have visited the British Museum, but we only spent five days in London. We returned to Halifax by road, after a very wonderful trip.

We also went to Lincoln and saw Lincoln Cathedral, which is very beautiful. In the grounds of the Cathedral is a monument to the memory of Lord Tennyson, who was born in Somersby, Lincolnshire.

We returned to Halifax and after a few days there we went to Blackpool by road. We spent a week there and had a very enjoyable time. We went to the Blackpool Tower and went up the elevator as far as we could and then we climbed the winding staircase to the top of the Tower. It is said that on a very clear day the Isle of Man can be seen.

In the evening we saw the Illuminations, which are very pretty and wonderful. We also saw tramcars illuminated like gondolas and yachts. Even the aeroplanes were decorated. There were searchlights shining from every direction and it looked very pretty.

The next day we went to Stanley Park, where there is an aerodrome. My father, brother and I decided to take a little air trip. My mother said she would not go up, unless she could keep one foot on the ground. It was my first trip in an aeroplane and I hope it will not be my last. We went to see the circus in Blackpool. There we saw a lady doing all sorts of tricks on a horse. She even went under the horse and came up the other side.

We left England on 6th October and arrived in Bermuda on the 19th.

G. WELCH, IV.

### SUNSET IN BERMUDA

Looking towards the west at even,  
 A beautiful sight did meet mine eyes;  
 'Twas just as if the Lord in Heaven  
 Had come to earth and crowned the skies.

For all the colours we know were there,  
 Mingled to make a reddish hue,  
 For 'twas Bermuda's sunset fair;  
 And the islands were lighted with it too.

The sunset glowed upon the seas,  
 As well as on the Autumn leaves.  
 A reddish glow it cast where then  
 It had not passed beyond man's ken.

But alas! it cannot last forever,  
 The clouds have now the hue of heather.  
 No longer beauty casts her spells:  
 In other lands the sun now dwells.

M. BEAVIS, IV.

## Form Notes

### FORM VI

Form VI has returned this term determined to pass the Christmas examinations. To some of us, our whole future depends on our gaining this coveted certificate. Consequently everybody is working his hardest towards this goal. The atmosphere of the room is that of a tense silence, so quiet that the scratch of each individual pen or pencil is plainly audible, and the turning of a page or the closing of a book is magnified beyond imagination. We realize that the teachers are doing their best, and that if we do our best the result of the exams will show no failures. In conclusion it might be said that though the standard of the work of Form VI is high, in our life after school we will be "in omnibus parati."

R. L. F., Form Captain.

### FORM V

At the end of last term Form V was very sorry to lose three of its members. Browne II, Kempe I and Doe II were the three boys who went away to school, and we wish them the best of luck in their new schools. We are also very glad to have in our midst Hutchings, who started coming to our school at the beginning of last term. He is welcome to stay with us until he goes into Form VI, and we know that he will help to make up for the absence of our other three friends.

Form V have a great deal of fun together, but we know when the time arrives for us to study our lessons and behave.

We have also shown our physical ability by making holes in the new walls of our form room.

R. E. FREISENBRUCH, Form Captain.

### FORM V-B

This term we are taking up two extra subjects which are: Business English and Bookkeeping. We wish to make a decided success of, and obtain a good standard in these subjects.

Since the holidays the houses have been unevenly balanced, but the standard of work is the same.

T. MURDOCH, Form Captain.



## FORM IV

Form IV has twenty-one boys in it, seven of whom have entered for, and are working hard to pass the Cambridge Preliminary Examination at Christmas.

Our Form Library, started by Mr. Voisey early last year, has proved to be a great pleasure to the form.

We miss our Head Master a great deal, and trust that he will soon be well and with us again.

N. WILLIAMS, Form Captain.

## FORM III

Form III is the highest of the Junior classes. In this form we learn Latin, Algebra and Geometry.

The work in this form prepares us for the Senior School. The Form Master is Mr. F. Cox, who is Acting Headmaster.

Mr. Cox takes us in all subjects but French, Algebra and Geometry.

S. OUTERBRIDGE, Form Captain.

## FORM II

Mr. Richardson is our new teacher whom we all like very much. We are working very hard at all our subjects, getting ready for our Christmas Exams. We all miss our Headmaster, Mr. Cox, very much, and we are glad to hear his health is improving. We have a field which is now coming on very well. We hope soon to be able to play football on it. Our new building is completed now, and we are all very proud of it.

L. E. MAYOR, Form Captain.

## FORM I

We of Form I consist of nineteen boys and we do our best to do our work and have our play after school is over. On every Friday afternoon we play football, and we all have a fine time. Thompson I and II and G. West are very good players.

T. I. CRAWFORD, Form Captain.

## KINDERGARTEN

We are on Book Four Reader and have finished all the sums for the Kindergarten.

We have twenty-five boys in the Kindergarten.

PETER WELCH.

## THE BLUE DIAMOND

"Kink" is what his oldest friends called him, because of his habit of unravelling the "Kinks," as he called it, of any adventure. This story is one of those "Kinks" which I found written in his diary after his death.

JOHN MARVIN.

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On the evening of the 27th I was riding in my cab to the opening of the latest play. While wondering whether the evening would be well spent or merely boring, my hand encountered behind the cushion a small woman's purse, very well worn and dirty. To my surprise, upon opening the purse I found a small box with this card:

"I give this to the finder, for it has brought  
nothing but ruin and death to my family."

Opening the box I found a small but beautifully shaped blue diamond. In this find I saw the glimmering of an interesting story, so after the show I went to talk it over with my neighbour, Mr. Marvin, and speculate on the history of the stone.

I will not go into the details of my research and following up of each clue, but give the story, complete as I found it.

In 18— the stone came into the hands of Count Smolensk and it already had a very evil reputation. The Count and his brother, Ivan, were living nobly and far above their means at the Tsar's Palace. This proved disastrous for the Count, as Ivan was in dire need of money and keeping very bad company. He murdered his brother, taking the diamond and a sum of money to pay off his debts. Upon finding himself in possession of the diamond and the money, he fled both his crime and his creditors, and took up life in Paris. Here he married and lived with his wife and daughter. On the death of his wife, he took to running a small curio shop in an odd, winding street still maintaining its old-fashioned air, while a few blocks away the life of a modern city was in full swing. On one cold winter day the door opened, letting in a cold icy blast of air, and a tall Russian entered. The Russian took in his surroundings at a glance and came to Ivan, bent now with age, and with a fierce look in his eyes he said: "You're the man! You murdered him and took the stone. I'll be back, remember that!" With this the stranger departed, leaving the shop with a feeling of emptiness. While this was happening, on the other side of the city, police officials were questioning his daughter and telling her of her father's past. Upon arrival of the girl and the officials at the little curio shop, they found her father a raving maniac. The brooding of his mind on the murder of his brother and the arrival of the strange man had completely turned his mind. Before anyone knew what he was doing he had seized a small dagger and stabbed himself.

Eight blocks away an inquest was being held over a tall noble looking Russian who had been run over by a carriage.

The girl, going over her father's possessions, found the fated Blue Diamond and realizing that it caused her family's ruin, disposed of it in the manner in which it came to me.

S. E. H. VI.

### A BAD MISTAKE

At last it was my turn to go;  
Our team politely cheered.  
My fate I could not help but know:  
It happened as I feared.

The ball flew down the crease at me,  
I shut my eyes and swung.  
Where it went I could not see,  
But how my hand was stung!

I rushed up to the other end,  
There to meet my fate.  
I gave a mighty swing again.  
Alas! a bit too late.

Amidst a roar of laughter,  
My pavillion seat I take,  
Perforce to think thereafter  
Of my one bad mistake.

W. T. CONYERS, V.

### "MY TRIP FROM SOUTHAMPTON TO MONTREAL"

We left Southampton for Montreal on an afternoon in September, on a ship named "The Montrose." Within two hours we had lost sight of land, heading for Cherbourg, which we sighted soon after dinner. The town was a mass of lights, and to add to this illumination, the German ship Bremen was in port, she too being lighted from stem to stern.

We left Cherbourg that night, and arrived at Queenstown early the next morning. As at Cherbourg, time was limited, we were not allowed to land, however the scenery about the harbour was so beautiful that the time soon passed in trying to absorb all to be seen.

One morning before we sighted the coast of Labrador, I was awakened by my cabin steward, who told me that we were passing a large iceberg. I immediately jumped out of bed, dressed as quickly as possible, and, on arriving on deck, saw the iceberg, about five miles to the starboard. This

was a sight I shall never forget. The iceberg was about fifty feet high, and was judged to weigh about twenty thousand tons. The sun shining on it, made it appear to be a huge diamond, and we could see reflected in it all the colours of the rainbow.

Later that day, on passing the straits of Belle Isle, I experienced my first snow storm which I enjoyed to the full.

We were then two days from our destination, and this proved to be the most exciting part of the trip.

Going up the St. Lawrence, the scenery was magnificent, particularly at the mouth of the Saguenay River. The leaves of the trees had just begun to change colour, the autumnal colouring of the maple mingling with the silver birch making an unforgettable scene.

Just before arriving at Quebec, we had to pass under the Quebec Bridge, which occurrence caused a great deal of excitement amongst the passengers, as an illusion is formed, which makes the passing under the bridge appear to be quite impossible.

After leaving Quebec, I had the chance to be shown over the ship, which I readily grasped. Above all things I was particularly interested in the crows-nest, which, unlike those on most ships which are approached by a ladder from the mast to the deck, had a ladder through the middle of the mast. From here I was able to see for miles, and the scenery being quite mountainous, it was very beautiful. The crows-nest had been improved in another way as well as in its approach, by having a telephone connecting it directly to the bridge, so that the two were kept in close contact.

Unfortunately, the next day saw the end of our voyage, when I was very sorry at having to leave the ship.

W. T. WILSON, V.

## FOOTBALL

On account of the present state of our own field, the "Bermuda Athletic Association" has been kind enough to lend us their field again this year two days each week.

The season began as enthusiastically as ever. Everyone is always ready to begin the new season.

Although our teams seem to be getting smaller and smaller every year, we have had some quite good games. The school 1st XI is about the same this year as last, except for two changes. Paschal has been made a member of the team to take the place of Browne II, who left last term, and Barritt has been chosen to fill the gap made by Perry, who also left last term. The remainder of the team is still as good as usual, both Peniston and Sheppard, our full-backs, still maintaining their standard of last year's play; Freisenbruch is still as proficient as ever on the right wing, and Murdoch, centre-half, with Hool left-half, and Ferguson in goal have not gone back a bit. The other three forwards, Hooper, Wilson and Browne are still neither worse nor a great deal better than last season.

No outside games have been played as yet, but we hope, by the first of next term at the latest to begin the Old Boys series of the best three out of five games, which is always looked forward to, both by Old Boys and by the School. Last season, we played five games, winning two, losing two and drawing one. We hope that this season will see the school win the series at least by the odd game.

R. L. BROWNE, Captain.

### UP A TREE

One of the most exciting adventures I have ever experienced while hunting in Central Africa was the night I spent up a huge tree.

The natives of a small village on the edge of the forest, were constantly being disturbed by a huge man-eating tiger which visited their village quite frequently, especially when he was too lazy to catch his prey in the forest. He would come at night and attack the villagers' cattle, but no one could stop him.

We were told about this creature by many of the natives shortly after our arrival at the village, so we determined to shoot the monster if possible.

After a few days' hunting in the jungle we chanced to find a large hind lying at the foot of a huge tree. We could see by the scratches on the poor animals torn side and the deep teeth marks in its throat that it had been killed by some large beast; and had been left until his return at night, when he would tear it to pieces and eat it.

Here was our chance to kill this beast, so we drew lots to see which one of us was to remain up the tree all that night.

Luckily (I thought then) I was the one to stay; so having managed to get a rope over a bough some thirty feet above ground, I scrambled up the tree.

When my friends had well supplied me with food and ammunition, they left me alone in the depths of the jungle. I must admit my heart sank a little when I saw my friends disappear amongst the undergrowth.

The sun was slowly sinking behind the trees, making a beautiful glow of red through the branches and leaves. Then came the dull and lonely grey (which was the most depressing of all); then the dark blackness covered the jungle, and all was still and quiet.

Having got into the fork of the tree before night I was able to sit comfortably, where I fell asleep for a few hours, I was awakened by a strange noise. The moon had risen by this time and my jungle friends had come out with her.

After a time things began to grow quiet, until the deathly silence reigned again, and I was apparently alone.

Suddenly a terrific screech came from above my head (I jumped as though someone had shot me). On looking up I saw fluttering in the moonlight a wierd-looking bird about the size of a crow. It flew down, past and around the dead animal at the foot of my tree screaming all the time. Then it flew up and out over the tree-tops out of my sight.



I had been tempted to shoot this horrid little creature, but it occurred to me that this was probably one of the tiger's messengers, which had gone before to give warning of any danger to the tiger.

Some short time had elapsed, when I was again startled by a fearful yell just below the tree. This time the visitor was a wild cat. This fellow growled and tore at the carcase on the ground, and then, as suddenly as he had arrived, he yelled and ran off through the undergrowth.

I waited another fifteen minutes in profound silence, and then in the direction of a patch of moonlight on the ground I heard a slight rustling; gradually it came nearer and nearer, until I could see the bushes moving gently. As I expected, there slowly appeared the huge head of a tiger. It looked ghastly in the dim moonlight; I became cold and shivered all over as he slowly approached the tree. I realized that the moment had arrived when I must take a shot and face the consequences alone if I only wounded him.

I pointed my gun and took aim at him. It seemed ages until the explosion went off; but when it did, the silence was shattered, the jungle was in a roar. The animal had only been wounded, for he rushed across the open space towards the tree in which I was hidden. He was nearly up to me by the time I was ready to shoot again, but this time I did not miss my mark. My shot was true. It struck on his left side, pierced, and he fell in a great heap to the ground.

Had my shot not been true, the great animal would have torn me to pieces.

The rest of the night I spent rather uneasily, for my nerves were quite shaken. I fell asleep shortly before dawn and was awakened by my friends about eight o'clock that morning. I was soon on the ground telling my story and stretching myself after my long perch, as I was naturally stiff and cold.

When we had taken the tiger back to the village, the natives almost worshipped us.

A few days after this, we left the village to return home, as we had spent the summer touring the Central parts of Africa.

I was asked many times to tell my adventure while on the ship coming home; but even though I am glad that I have had such an experience, I should not like to have it again.

W. T. CONYERS, V.

### MY VISIT TO IRELAND

I spent a very pleasant summer in Ireland. I left Bermuda May 11th and arrived in Liverpool on the 25th. We took a small boat across the channel to Belfast. When entering Belfast Lough, you see land on both sides, County Down on one side, and County Antrim on the other. After an hour and a half you enter the River Lagan, which is lined on both sides by enormous shipyards and great cranes. I also saw there the remains of "The Bermuda."

When leaving Belfast on the Great Northern Railway, you can see the famous linen mills and rope factories. . Going west you pass through Lisburn, which also has linen mills, and Richill has jam factories, and is a wonderful district for growing fruit. I left the train at Monaghan and took the bus to Grandfather's farm in the country, where I spent most of my time.

I have visited the "Giants' Causeway" which I thought the most wonderful sight I have ever seen. You approach it by a steep cliff-path. It is one mass of smooth stone that is formed into octagonal shapes. There are also other very interesting things in the neighbourhood.

I went to Dublin, which is a very beautiful and very old city. While there I visited the Zoological Gardens in Phoenix Park, which is the largest Park in Great Britain. In Dublin they have beautiful monuments erected to our great statesmen, the workmanship of which is very wonderful. In Ireland they have very lovely seaside resorts, and a wonderful bus service.

F. LINES. IV.

### CADET CORPS NOTES

The Camp this year took place as usual from the 2nd to the 9th of July. We went in on a beautiful sunny day and were lucky enough to have quite decent weather during the whole week.

Our mornings were taken up with drills, which were as usual not very enthusiastically performed, but the afternoons were thoroughly enjoyed by all. On Monday afternoon our own platoon, known as No. 1 Platoon, played cricket against No. 2, which was made up of Warwick Academy and Somerset. Our platoon succeeded in defeating No. 2.

The following afternoon, we were allowed to do what we liked, while the remaining two platoons played cricket. During the evening there was boxing, and at the same time the canteen was open, but in spite of that there were quite a number between the ropes, glaring menacingly at each other, but no real damage was done. After these desperate battles had taken place, and after a long night, the night before, we all went "to roost" quite early upon a hard concrete floor, with only a biscuit between us and it, but for all that the biscuit was still usable for the rest of camp. On Wednesday afternoon the finals of the cricket took place between No. 1 Platoon and No. 3, in which game we were badly beaten, losing several points towards the Sports Cup.

On Thursday afternoon our annual sports were held, and that day being visitors' day as well, we had quite a crowd attending our day of days.

Almost every year, during camp, we have been lucky enough to have at least one interesting event happen; two or three years ago we saw for some time a friendly game of tag between a few sharks 15 to 20 feet in length, just outside the second row of boilers; another year a seaplane encircled the camp and this year the new U.S. Navy dirigible "Akron" flew almost right over camp. This of course attracted many interested eyes.

The remainder of camp was practically routine work, with the bathing parades at morning and evening thoroughly well attended. The last morning everybody was naturally very tired and lazy. What with tents to strike, and lines to clean, no one wished to do any work at all, and the bases were eagerly filled when it came to the final act of leaving camp. However glad one may be to enter camp, I think after a little more drill and work than we are accustomed to during the rest of the year, and with all the fun we have while there, we are always quite as ready to break camp at the end of the week, at the same time feeling much fitter than when we went in.

As for the work of the platoon during this term, it being the beginning of the Cadet Corps year, it has been absolutely of a very preliminary nature only.

R. L. BROWNE, Sgt., S.G.S. Platoon.

### **"A TRIP TO THE OLYMPIC GAMES"**

We started from New York on July 10 in a seven passenger car carrying our baggage with us, and arrived at Washington, D.C., on July 11. We stayed in Washington for a little while and saw the White House, the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, Washington Monument and also visited the U.S. Patent Office.

July 19, we were in Colorado, staying at Pueblo for a few days, and we took a trip to the Garden of the Gods and climbed to the top of Pike's Peak in our car. The road up is just wide enough for two cars, and very steep, so that the people advised us to take our baggage off so that we could make the climb. We had to climb 14,109 feet in 28 miles, with five people in the car and about two hundred pounds of baggage. As it would be rather hard on the car, we unloaded.

When we arrived at the top we got out of the car and started to walk around, but it was so high that we had to stop and sit down for lack of oxygen. For a week later we felt the effects of being up so high.

The next day we started across the Rockies by way of Ratone Pass in New Mexico.

July 21: We visited some Pueblo Indian Reservations at Taos, New Mexico, and saw the house where Kit Carson, a great western scout, used to live. The Indians' houses were made of adobe or sun-dried brick, and looked like square boxes lying on the ground from a good distance away.

July 22: We visited the Painted Desert of Arizona and also the Petrified Forest. The Painted Desert with the sun on it looked beautiful, with nearly every colour you could think of in it.

The Petrified Forest is a desert with large numbers of stone tree trunks around, some still looking like real tree trunks, although they are thousands of years old. When we left, we took small pieces with us as souvenirs.

July 23: We passed the great meteor crater of Arizona, where they are drilling to find the meteor which is said to have rich deposits of minerals in it.

That night we got to the Grand Canyon of Arizona and stayed there over night.

July 24: We took a tour along the rim in our car with a guide, and he told us that the width varied from four to eighteen miles and it is more than a mile deep at the north rim.

From the rim you could see the Painted Desert in the distance, and the Colorado River flowing at the foot of the vast walls of the canyon.

July 28: Having arrived at Los Angeles and taken some rooms the day before, we were all settled to stay for a while, so we got our tickets for the Olympic Games, which were going to start on 30th July. As we wanted to see some of Los Angeles and its surroundings, we took tickets for the most important days only.

July 31: Went to the Games and saw the 10,000 meter race for men, which was won by J. Kusocinski of Poland in 30 mins. 11.4 seconds.

August 1: We toured around Hollywood and saw all the studios in the morning, and went swimming in the afternoon at Venice Beach.

August 2: We went to the Olympic Games and saw the Discus Throw for Women, won by Lillian Copeland of U.S.A., and the 800 metre men's finals, won by T. Hampton, of Great Britain, in 49 8/10 seconds which is a new world's record.

August 5: We went to the Olympics again that day and saw the 5,000 metre finals won by L. Lehtmen of Finland, with R. Hill, of U.S.A., second. This was the race that was so much disputed about because of what looked like unfair running on the Finn's part.

August 6: We went to the Huntington Library and Art Gallery, where there is the picture of the famous Blue Boy by Gainsborough.

August 7: We saw the Marathon which is a run of 26 miles 385 yards. This was won by Juan Zabala of Argentine, with S. Ferris, of Great Britain, second, in 2 hours 31 mins. 36 secs., a new world's record.

H. W. WATLINGTON, VI.

### THE MONTAUK-BERMUDA RACE, 1932

Of all the boats which started from Montauk Point one Saturday in June in the moderate breeze, none of them realised what weather they were running into; for the moderate breeze lasted for only two hours. From then on there was a stiff breeze and a heavy sea, which caused the boats in "B Class" a considerable amount of trouble.

On Sunday, the day after the start, the "Adriana," the largest boat of the fleet, caught fire and was a complete loss. The "Jolie Brise," the only English entry, turned back and took the crew home to the States. One well known yachtsman was drowned in this mishap, but the circumstances of his drowning are not clear, and no one knows just how he died.

The heavy breeze and sea did not hinder the bigger boats in "Class A" much, nearly all of them having a day's run of over 200 miles, which is an average of about 9 knots an hour.

The "Highland Light" was the first boat to cross the line, creating a record for that run of 72 hours. She was followed by "Mistress" and the John Alden schooner "Malabar X," which won the race for Class A on corrected time. Nearly every time the race has been sailed one of the Malabar boats has been in the running, and they have always been close to the top.

In "Class B" the boats received a great deal of buffeting and the little ketch "Dorade," which won the Fastnet race last year, came out on top, ever beating some of the Class A boats across the line.

The "Zena" and "Dainty," the two Bermuda entries, were doing well until they struck the rough weather. The "Dainty" arrived the next Sunday, after seven days of buffeting. She was leaking badly, and had to abandon the race when only 200 miles off Bermuda. The "Zena" trailed in on the next day, none the worse for her rough passage.

Considerable anxiety was felt for the "Curlew," a tiny cutter which had not reached Bermuda. The United States Navy sent its new dirigible, "Akron," in search of the missing boat. All Bermudians had a good view of this airship when it circled the islands. The "Curlew" was found by a coastguard near Florida. They had abandoned the race and were sailing back to the States, oblivious of the stir they were making in the yachting world.

In spite of the bad weather the race ended happily except for the loss of the "Adr'ana" and one of her crew. The whole of Bermuda is looking forward to the next race which is scheduled for 1934. It is to be hoped that they have better luck when next they come to the Islands.

S. M. PASCHAL. V.

### GUY FAWKE'S DAY

Two little boys named Tom and John were working to get money for fireworks.

The great day came at last; they had a big fire, but it was too near the house and began to burn the grass, threatening the house. It crept to the fireworks and caught them on fire. They all went off at once, nearly catching the house on fire.

Their father phoned the fire-brigade. It quickly came and put out the fire, but the boys lost their fire-works and as punishment were sent to bed early. It was a good thing that the house had not caught fire.

H. RUSSELL, II.



## SCOUT NOTES

Owing to the death of Mr. Loyns, whose sterling work in reorganizing the School Troop has not been in vain, Scout activities languished for a while, but now under the capable leadership of Mr. Smith, we have a flourishing troop, consisting of a little more than two patrols. This year we have been given a room in the School, and are busy furnishing it. The Patrol Leaders are Conyers and Wilson, both promoted from seconds. Young and Ferguson were promoted to Assistant Scout Masters. A Court of Honour has been formed with Wilson as President to discuss the affairs of the Troop, and to fix an interesting programme for the future.

Every Scout is looking forward to the day in the near future, when our room will be thoroughly furnished, and the troop again resumes its duties.

R. L. FERGUSON, A.S.M.

## A TRIP ROUND LONG ISLAND, U.S.A.

On Sunday afternoon we left Sandy Hook in a pleasure yacht about ninety feet long, weighing seventy eight tons. We motored past Ambrose Lightship until about nine o'clock, when we shut the motor off. With all sail hoisted it was after one o'clock when we were a little distance from Fire Island Lightship, because the wind was so low it was impossible to sail.

The next morning as we were in almost the same place, we started the motor again using it all day. When about eleven o'clock we were rounding Montauk Point, on our way along the coast, it was very interesting to see how the coastguards would come out and read our name "Black Eagle," to see whether we were "rum-runners" or not.

We put in at Fort Pond Bay for the night, to telephone some of our friends.

It was very interesting to me to see how to pilot a boat by lights and buoys. On Tuesday we left for Fisher's Island, which is a small island between Montauk and Orient Point. We reached Fisher's Island about nine o'clock. I had quite an experience. We were going into the east bay, when the Norwegian captain gave the order to stop the engine. It was very indistinct and instead of the man stopping the engine, I released the anchor. Had not Mr. Rathborne been very quick at the wheel, the yacht would have been very badly damaged.

After a very enjoyable day and night on Fisher's Island, we sailed to New London where we got a good supply of food. I saw the place where they have the Harvard and Yale boat races, the "sporty" yacht Club, and the submarine naval base.

We left New London for Orient Point where we arrived about six o'clock, after quite a fight with the storm which was coming up. We anchored in a small bay and so weathered the storm. This was very interesting to see, and quite an experience. The next day we sailed off Port

Jefferson, which is quite an important place and very interesting. A great deal of gravel for New York City comes from around its banks. It is carried in barges on which people live all the time. There was also quite a large boys' camp here. We enjoyed letting the boys come on board, and it was very pleasant for me. My brother met us here and we motored to the Seawanhaka Yacht Club, where I saw many beautiful racing yachts and boats of all kinds.

On Sunday we took a cruise out in the Sound. This certainly was fun. I saw a star-class boat-race from the Larchmont Yacht Club, of about twenty boats. It was a fine sight to see the skyline of New York, the George Washington Bridge in the distance, and the north and east rivers running around Manhattan Island.

In the evening we landed at City Island, where the yacht was to be hauled up for repairs. There was at City Island one thing which marked the depression of the U.S.A. There were no less than one hundred and twenty yachts and boats stripped and lying on the slips.

J. F. PENISTON, V.

## A VISIT TO ST. CATHERINE'S FORT

During the summer the Bermuda Rotary Club decided to have one of their weekly meetings at St. George's instead of in Hamilton.

The meeting was held at St. Catherine's Fort, where a luncheon was served by the management of the St. George Hotel.

As the Rotarians were allowed to bring their wives and friends, my father took my mother and myself. We left on the 12.30 train bound for St. George's. At about 1.25 we arrived at St. George's, where carriages from the St. George Hotel Livery took us to St. Catherine's Fort, where a delightful lunch awaited us.

At the end of the luncheon the Honourable S. S. Spurling gave us a short account of the landing of Sir George Somers. Mr. Spurling told us that Sir George Somers had been wrecked in his ship the "Sea Venture." He was wrecked on a tremendous shoal at the end of St. George's called "Sea Venture Flat." He then told us how Sir George Somers secured the short peninsula on which St. Catherine's Fort is built.

After listening to a brilliant account of the stay of Sir George Somers, we proceeded to examine the Fort, where we visited the dungeons which were dark and fearsome.

After the Fort had been inspected, we were told that the St. Catherine's Beach was at the service of all Rotarians who wished to swim; others who cared to play golf could do so on the St. George Hotel Course. An enjoyable day was spent by all and we returned home late that night tired but happy.

GIBBONS, IV.

## THE BRIGGS CUNNINGHAM CUP

In Bermuda sailing is becoming a great sport especially amongst the young boys.

The new "one-design" Bermudá racing dinghies are built by E. F. Elkins at Christchurch, England. Sponsored by the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club, Mr. Eldon Trimingham, Bermuda's leading racing skipper, was chiefly responsible for the introduction of the new dinghies, demonstrating in a practical manner his desire to encourage yacht-racing among young Bermudians.

In April Mr. Briggs Cunningham, one of the greatest American yachtsmen, presented a cup to be raced for under a system of points, by the boys through the summer months. These races were held weekly and were started at the Princess Hotel Wharf at 2.45 p.m. every Saturday.

The number of starters averaged between 8 and 12 boats each week.

The races became a great interest amongst the boys. When the end of the summer was near, the points were very close, especially between the first three boats.

Then came the final race. There was a medium breeze which was very "flukey" through the islands in Hamilton Harbour.

Bang goes the starting gun! Five boats cross the line at the same time. Tommy Murdoch (12) was on the windward of Mac Paschal (3), Frankie Peniston (17), Hugh Masters (7), and behind Tommy Murdoch was Ernest Young (10) and Hartley Watlington (4). All through the race Tommy Murdoch and Mac Paschal were fighting each other for first place. On the last windward beat Tommy was on the windward of Mac. Tommy sailed his boat in the lee of an island with Mac under his lee, but Mac had a lighter crew and light winds soon put him away from Tommy.

Mac had a good lead by the time Tommy got away from the island, and he kept it.

Hur-rah! Another cup for Mac Paschal. The first cup of the summer season was given by Eldon Trimingham and the second was the Briggs Cunningham Cup.

Each race was close, won by a very few points, and the most important was sailed very well.

E. M. YOUNG, V-B.

### IF I HAD WINGS

I wish I had a pair of wings,  
I'd play with them all day.  
I'd fly to unknown lands that lie  
Far, far away.

If I'd some wings to fly with,  
They'd be my nicest toy.  
And I am sure a pair of wings,  
Would fill me up with joy.

H. RUSSELL, II

## VIEW FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE

Getting off at the Lighthouse Station, a friend and I walked up a long steep hill which led to the lighthouse. When we got to the foot of it and looked up at the top, we were surprised to see what an immense structure it was, for it did not look half so large when we were far away.

We were still more surprised when we had got inside and saw the number of steps we had to climb before we arrived at the very top, and until we got there we did not know what a wonderful view was still to meet our eyes. When we were on the little platform that encircles the top we were amazed at the sight. Looking to the South there was a vast expanse of ocean. Near to the shore and dotted about as far as the eye could see were small reefs, which are so dangerous to ships. In the west, going in a curve to the north, was the mainland, covered with trees made golden by the slanting rays of a setting sun.

Following the coastline we could see Somerset Bridge and beyond that a small harbour. Still going northwards we followed with our eyes a thin hilly sort of peninsula, until we came to another bridge called Watford Bridge. Then there was a strip of land not more than a few hundred yards wide. In line with this island and in the harbour was a cargo boat. Then followed a series of small islands connected by bridges, and at last H.M. Dockyard, where we noticed a few battle cruisers.

Next came the opening by which all big ships enter Hamilton Harbour, called Grassy Bay. In the harbour we saw a wonderful view of small islands among which were some sailing boats. Next came the city of Hamilton and straight beyond that St. George's, which looked very far away. When we looked farther round, we saw the mainland of Bermuda dotted with the white roofs of houses.

The lighthouse keeper showed me how the light worked, which was very interesting. We then descended, feeling quite tired after we had reached the bottom. Going home in the train, I knew I had seen a sight to remember all my life.

M. BEAVIS, IV.

## The Forum

### HOMEWORK

A school without homework could not possibly be a school with any view of Education, and therefore could not benefit the community. It would be more like an institution for lazy or helpless boys.

First, because the master would have to do almost all the work. The boys would only do very little classwork as the master would spend a great deal of the time explaining the subject. The first thing people who are opposed to homework would say is, "Lengthen the School hours!" I do not think that this would be a popular change with the boys or the masters.

If there were no homework, how could school work go on? How could a boy do French or Latin translation in-class without preparing it at home? I do not see in this system how translation could be done. It is hard enough to translate these two subjects when we have had preparation periods throughout the year. One can see from this illustration how a person who has had preparation throughout the year stands a much better chance of passing not only the Cambridge Local Examinations but the ordinary examinations of the School. The work of a master would degenerate into cramming his pupils every minute, every day of the year, and what? Failure probably would be the result.

If the time table is carefully considered and drawn up by the masters so as to give the boys an average amount of homework which they think proper, I see no reason why the homework should not be agreeable to everyone concerned. If a boy is set lessons to do, he knows that he must do them at home or else be detained the next day. The master easily finds out if a boy knows his homework by giving the form a test; a boy with any common sense will do his homework at home and thus save himself the inconvenience of being in detention in the afternoon.

How can a master tell if his pupils do not know their learning subjects, if they do not have a prep? If they learn it in class they must use up the time the master should use in explanation, but when a school has homework the master is able to explain in class and the boys to study at home.

J. F. B., VI.

## HOMework

The question of Homework has never been out of the minds of the pupils and the teachers. To most people the only answer is that school-work should be done at school, and not at home. This answer is quite true concerning the lower school. The junior boys should leave school, conscious of the fact that their school work for the day is finished. They should not leave with the thought of the lessons to be done at home constantly in their minds. The only time for this work to be done is in the afternoon, or directly after dinner. The boy's afternoon is taken up mostly in play, and his evening too, if possible. He will always try to shirk his homework, if not forced to do it. Thus homework becomes a burden upon the parents.

In the Senior School, however, we realize that to get through our examinations a certain amount of homework is needed; but when our homework extends through a period of two to three hours, then even we begin to shirk it. Consequently we lose more than we gain by it. These are my arguments against Homework, and I feel that they are just.

PER PLURES.



## “MOVING PICTURES”

Four years ago, the motion picture “fans” were introduced to what is now known as talking pictures. When these pictures were first brought to the screen they were produced from such musical “hits” as, “Rose Marie,” “Waltzes from Vienna,” “Viennese Nights,” and were a pleasure to see and to hear. Since then the pictures, with the exception of German and Russian films, have gradually become worse and worse and it is very rarely that a good sensible picture is now shown. Today we expect to see such pictures as “Scarface,” “Blonde Venus,” “Frankenstein” and “Murders in the Rue Morgue.” The reason for this is due largely to the American people of the working class; for the motion picture industry caters for these people, and in consequence we must expect this type of picture.

I think that talking pictures have a great effect upon Bermuda in general. For today, young children attend this type of picture and it makes a great impression upon the young child; when a child sees such gangster pictures as “Raffles” he naturally thinks that this type of man shall be his ideal; and in consequence he quotes his phrases and adopts the habits and ways of his motion picture ideal. Even girls copy the poses, phrases and habits of their favourite movie actress; some have even tried to imitate the star’s method of dancing and in doing this have ruined their own dancing. This and many other undesirable habits adopted from the “silver screen” are now being practiced by the future men and women of Bermuda.

It is hoped that in the coming year the pictures will be of a sort that will teach the young children habits that will be of benefit to them and their parents.

ROBERT H. BURROWS, V.

## MOVING PICTURES

Where would the young boys of Bermuda spend their spare seconds, minutes and hours? Where would our young ladies learn the correct use of cosmetics? Where would our budding swains learn how to be “non-chalant”? Where would our local paper find material for its vacant pages? Where could one receive free ice-cream cones, or join a Kiddie-Klub? Alas! and alack! Nowhere could these things be, but at the “Movies.”

To continue in a more serious trend of thought, we find that “Movies” are educational. In every picture there are scenes of some foreign country. Pictures of Africa, China and of other countries, whither the average man may never travel, may be seen through a “Movie” camera. The natives and animals of these countries are ably explained by the talking picture. You can travel thousands of miles without leaving your seat, and see the world in a few minutes. Of course, as everything else, “Movies” have their bad as well as their good points, but it is my opinion that the good points far outweigh the bad.

OMNES.

## COMPULSORY GAMES

Compulsory games are not right in many ways, because a boy who has just left a school where he played and enjoyed Rugby, ought not to be made to play a game he does not like such as tennis or football. Many boys are in this position. They used to play one game at one school, and when they leave and go to another school they are forced to play a game they do not like. Of course the school thinks that a boy needs exercise, and to get exercise he has to play games, but if the school is big it should have its own gymnasium. If the school has no gymnasium, then a boy should play some game or other, but the least the school could do would be to let the boy have a choice, and if he does not care for any game such as those mentioned, he should just drop games, because it is not necessary for every boy to play games. A person does not send his boy to school to learn how to play games, but to learn how to read and write, so that he will have something to help him in his future career.

N. ABRAHAM, IV.

## COMPULSORY GAMES

Everybody needs some recreation from his work. The best recreation a boy can get from schoolwork is by playing some athletic game. An athletic game builds up his body and helps him to keep fit and resistant to colds and other minor diseases.

Some boys, due to some weakness or deformity, are not able to play games. These are the only boys who should be excused from the games which are played in every school.

Other boys who do not like games and would sooner read or go to moving pictures should be made to play games, because reading as well as some moving pictures only improves the mind which is already worked and improved by schoolwork. The easiest way these boys can be made to play games is by having compulsory games at school and by accepting no excuse, except that of doctor's orders, to allow any boy to stop playing regularly the games held at the school which he attends.

S. M. PASCHAL, V.

## SCHOOL SPIRIT

When the Old Boys of the Saltus Grammar School are appealed to, their response is splendid; they support all our endeavours loyally. The School Spirit of the Old Boys seems to be better than ours. Do we realize that we are entrusted with the carrying on of the School's standards? Are we doing our utmost to keep these ideals high? The prefects do their best to see that the regulations of the school are kept, but they alone cannot be responsible for the School Spirit. A fine School Spirit cannot be created by

a few. The Spirit of th's school is dependent on each individual pupil; each one of us should make it a point of honour to keep the rules of the School and to support all school endeavours, whether we ourselves are in sympathy with them or not. For instance, if each one of us support this magazine to the best of his ability, we can make it a school feature of which we can be justly proud.

If we show the proper spirit, we shall realize how interesting and instructive are the suggestions made by the master for the student's benefit. These proposed activities should have the full support of the boys.

Can we again make the School attain the reputation of having a splendid School Spirit, that spirit which was attained by the Old Boys and which they entrusted us to carry on?

S. E. H., VI.

### NAUGHT BUT A DREAM

On Sunday night, September 31st, I went to bed with the intention of getting up early Monday to make the necessary preparations for school that morning.

I went into a deep slumber. Suddenly I heard the school bell ring, announcing the time for us to assemble in the "Assembly Room" for our morning prayer and hymn. The choir, which is made up of Junior Boys to a great extent, sang wonderfully; there was that certain, clear and deep tone which makes all singers famous.

We then proceeded to our classrooms. The stairs were painted and swept clear of all the dust and dirt, which usually comes from the continuous stream of school boys going to their classrooms. I also noticed that the Prefects in charge of the stairs did not have to speak to one boy on his behaviour on going up the stairs; they all seemed content to stay on the right hand side.

While walking along the corridor, I saw to right and left beautiful pictures of noted people, and the walls were all whitewashed and had a certain freshness which added to the neat though not beautiful appearance of the school.

The forms assembled in their separate classes and I saw that our walls were literally covered with photographs of "Old Boys" and other interesting pictures. I also recall seeing the walls of Form VI decorated in like manner.

Form V had Trigonometry for the 1st hour; all was suddenly quiet and everyone anxious to learn. First, our homework was gone over, and every one seemed to have it right and agree with the master in everything he said. Our homework for the following night was set, and the master was about to congratulate us on our excellent behaviour, when suddenly the alarm clock started ringing, and I awoke with a start, to find, much to my sorrow, that I had only had a dream.

R. E. FREISENBRUCH, V.

## OLD GRAMMARIANS

When School came together after summer holidays in 1927 the last of the old Form VI had left. By Christmas the school had an entirely new Form VI altogether.

The new form is comprised of eight young boys, all about the same age, that is about fourteen or fifteen years old. Form VI used to be Spurling I, Spurling II, Williams I, Frith I, Denman, Gladwin, Gascoigne and Masters. These boys studied, took examinations, played games and had the usual schoolboy arguments together for three years without anyone of them leaving. When they did leave Saltus, they all left one after another within a year. Now they all seem to be doing well.

Dudley Spurling, after winning the 1930 Bermuda Scholarship, went to Rossall, where he got his exemptions to enter Oxford. This fall he was taken very ill, having developed pleurisy, but now after a long term in bed he is well on the way to recovery. Last week he was awarded the Rhodes Scholarship for 1932.

Donald Williams won the 1931 Bermuda Scholarship and is also at Rossall doing well.

Raymond Spurling is now at Kerksville, Missouri, studying osteopathy.

Horace Frith left and went to Vancouver, B.C. He has just returned home after a pleasant trip.

Cedric Denman entered the Bermuda Civil Service and is now in the Parcel Post Department.

John Gladwin went to Canada to school at Rothsey. He is now studying medicine at Dalhousie University.

Henry Masters is a paying-teller on the staff of the Bank of Bermuda.

Stanley Gascoigne was the last to leave after gaining his School Certificate. He is now employed by Butterfield & Co.

"OLD GRAMMARIAN."

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## LA PITIE D'UN OISEAU

Un jour, j'étais assis dans le jardin public et je jetais du pain aux moineaux. J'en vis un qui se tenait à l'écart; il essayait de se soulever et de voler pour se rapprocher de moi, mais ses efforts étaient vains. Le pauvre petit paraissait se résigner, quand tout à coup un des plus gros moineaux s'empara d'une miette, et, au lieu de l'avaler la donna au pauvre délaissé. Plusieurs fois, le gros moineau renouvela son manège. A la fin je m'approchai et je pris le pauvre petit dans ma main; je vis alors qu'il avait une patte cassée.

R. C. COOPER, III.

## AN OLD GRAMMARIAN SOCIETY ?

Having at last persuaded one Old Grammarian to contribute a short article to the School Magazine, we are emboldened to announce that a warm welcome awaits any news sent us by Old Boys, particularly by those who have gone overseas.

While going to press, we pause to consider the bright future that lies before the School, and to weigh up those factors which can help to bring about full realisation of our rosy prospects.

We find that the School building is now adequate; classrooms, save for their bare walls, meet the needs of the boys; the Hall with its excellent stage can and should be of inestimable value to both past and present boys. Present boys have already shown that they appreciate, and know how to use the new Hall. It remains to be seen whether Old Grammarians too, will avail themselves of the benefits conferred upon the School by the addition of the Hall. In this connection we would point out what an excellent rendezvous the Hall provides for social gatherings of all kinds; what an admirable headquarters for an "Old Grammarians' Society."

Where is the "Old Grammarians' Society"?

## THE SCHOOL CONCERT

On Friday evening, July 1st, the School gave a concert. This concert included three plays which represented all forms. The boys took great interest in the plays and worked hard to make them a success.

Owing to the fact that the stage was not fully completed till the day of the play, it was with great difficulty that the scenery was prepared in time. The School was fortunate in having Mr. Thomas, who was able to construct such excellent scenery at such short notice with no outside help.

Form II gave a colourful play in verse known as "The Pied Piper." "The Scrapegrace," a story concerning incidents in Robert Clive's life, was presented by Form IV. "Auntie" was a humorous play given by Forms V and VI. We congratulate Freisenbruch and Burrows in their characterization of Mary, the servant, and Auntie, respectively.

Because of the great success and response of the parents at the first performance, the concert was given a second time in the evening of Monday, July 4th. The programme remained the same save for the addition of Mme. Cooper's French Play, "La Faim est une grande inventeur." This play proved very popular, and the boys did credit to Mme. Cooper's excellent training.



The School Concert was both a financial and a general success. The School wishes to thank Mrs. St. George Tucker for her help with the make-up, and all the parents who helped by furnishing costumes. The School is much indebted to Mr. Chesley White, who so kindly loaned the furniture.

The boys appreciate the splendid support given them in this undertaking. Next term we hope to present another concert, and hope it will meet with as generous a response.

S. E. H., VI.

### THEY SAY

That this issue of the Magazine is even an improvement on the last.

That the new field is beginning to show signs of completion.

That Mr. Hallett is arranging a series of Old Boys' matches for the 1st XI.

That Mr. Smith is restoring the Scout Troop to its former high standard.

That the School could start a Zoo and that the prize exhibit would be a giraffe.

That the price of neckties was very low in New York last summer.

That the Headmaster is missed by the whole School and especially by the boys taking the Cambridge Exams.

That after the Cambridge Exams. the School should have a dance.

That the School Concert was a great success.

That the School still has a fine Hall and an excellent stage.



